SPY SMASHER

SPY SMASHER BATTLES THE SHARKS OF STEEL!

See Page 12

10¢

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE HIT ON THE HEAD TO SEE STARS!
CAPT. MARVEL
SPY SMASHER
MR. SCARLET
MINUTE MAN
BULLETMAN
YOU CAN SEE THEM ALL IN THE NEW
AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS!
100 PAGES! — 1000 THRILLS!
GET IT TODAY!

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD OF

SPY SMASHER

[illegible] LABOR [illegible]
President [illegible] Seventh Council of Conciliation [illegible]

REAR ADMIRAL [illegible] S. STIRLING
[illegible] Author and [illegible]

ALLAN ROY DAFOE, M.D.
[illegible]

The Rev. JOHN [illegible] S.J.
[illegible]

[illegible] reproduced in [illegible]

In this Issue... SPY SMASHER Gives you...

BOOM IS THE PANAMA CANAL! PAGE 4
THE YELLOW PERIL STRIKES! PAGE 28
THE FLIGHT OF THE GHOST SQUADRON! PAGE 41
SPY SMASHER AND THE 5th COLUMN MOB! PAGE 53

PLUS

TRUE SPY SECRETS – A NEW FEATURE... PAGE 20
DEATH AT THE LAUNCHING – SHORT STORY.. PAGE 38
THRILLING SPY TALES – FROM WORLD WAR ONE – PAGE 53

Vol. 1, No. 6. August 26, 1942

SPY SMASHER is published bi-monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., [illegible] Publication, Dan A. Gold, Advertising Director; Samuel [illegible] Fawcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director. [illegible] Albert, [illegible] at the Post [illegible] under the Act of March 3, [illegible] Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1942 by Fawcett [illegible] in whole or part [illegible] by [illegible] Publications. [illegible] Subscriptions are $.60 per year in the United States [illegible] subscriptions $.80; Canadian subscriptions [illegible] Printed in U.S.A.

NEW START INTO THRILL TO A GREAT SPY STORY TOLD BY SPY SMASHER

SPY SMASHER

ONCE A NAVY MAN ALWAYS A NAVY MAN!
Spy Smasher
BRAND THAT MASK YOU'RE THE OUTSTANDING BRAIN IN THE AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE, SPY SMASHER! I WANT YOU TO VISIT THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC OF DORADO!
YOU ARE TO FIND AND BRING BACK EX-COMMANDER BY 2 CHARGES OF THE NAVY — WANTED FOR MURDER!

NE
STARTLING
THRILL TO
A GREAT
SPY STORY
TOLD BY
SPY
SMA R

SPY SMASHER

ONCE A NAVY MAN ALWAYS A NAVY MAN!
Spy Smasher
BEHIND THAT MASK YOU'RE THE OUTSTANDING BRAIN IN THE AMERICAN SECRET SERVICE SPY SMASHER! I WANT YOU TO VISIT THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLIC OF DORADO!
YOU ARE TO FIND AND BRING BACK EX-COMMANDER ROY RICHARDS OF THE NAVY — WANTED FOR MURDER!

DICTATORY NATION NEAR THE PANAMA CANAL....
HMMM! SHOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A SEARCH

PR...

ARRES
EL PRESIDENTE

RAISE US SERIES SENOR ROARK HAVE BEEN GAME! YOUR CAME! YO... ONCE RANKED AS COMMANDER IN THE AMERICAN NAVY... BUT KILLED SOMEONE AND FLED!

YES, BUT I WASN'T GIVEN A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN MY SIDE AND POINT...

NOT!
WHAT DOES THIS AMERICANO WANT? I AM A POLICE OFFICER!
HE IS GONE, AFTER ALL, FOR GOOD!
YOU HONOR OUR TOWN CONSENT TO HAVE YOUR PRESENCE EXALTED WHILE DOES NOT KNOW OF THE EXPLOITS OF THE RENOWNED SPY SMASHER?
THANK YOU, YOUR EXCELLENCY. REGARDS I AM GREATLY HONORED TO BE HERE ON TODAY

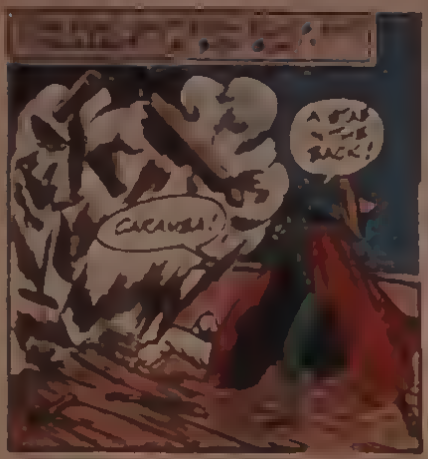
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! COME, LET US STRO... ACROSS THE ROOM! — IT'S MORE COMFORTABLE THERE!
HAS ...ROSSING ... OR IS RUMANIA...
...G AT ... SENOR! BUT IT ... HERE FOR A ...
"SOMETHING HE ... AND SUDDENLY ... TRAMPED AND ... WALKED IN
--- EXACTLY SO!
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE?
... HE DID NOT A MOMENT ...
IS THIS THE WELCOME I GET?
WELL, HERE'S AN AMERICAN REPORTER TO GET HIS WELCOME!
HELP! PALACE GUARDS!

-- & GRINGO! INTO A DUNGEON WITH HIM!
BEFORE MY DIZZY HEAD WAS CLEAR, I WAS HURLED INTO A DANK, IRON-BARRED PRISON!
WELCOME, AMIGO TO THIS FOUL CELL! I AM RUBIO, A POOR FISHERMAN WHO WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO CONDEMN THE PRO-NAZI GOVERNMENT OF MANCO LARGO!
I'M NO TRUSTING FOOL LIKE POOR CARLO OVER THERE!
WHY NOT VOLUNTEER, RUBIO?
I FORGET MY QUARREL WITH LARGO! SINCE OUR SEACOAST NEEDS DEFENSE, I VOLUNTEER!
LARGO & PRO-NAZI, YOU SAY?
YES! BUT LISTEN--
THE MERCIFUL PRESIDENTE OFFERS FREEDOM TO ALL SAILORS WHO WILL VOLUNTEER FOR NAVY SERVICE! THE FLEET WILL SAIL AT ONCE TO HUNT GERMAN SUBMARINES!
HMMM-- IF YOU WON'T GO RUBIO, LEND ME YOUR HAT AND PONCHO! I'LL DO A LITTLE MASQUERADING!
LARGO INTENDS TO SACRIFICE THE FLEET! THEN HE WILL LET THE NAZIS IN!

COME, MEN!
VIVA
BRAVO!
ROY RICHARDS

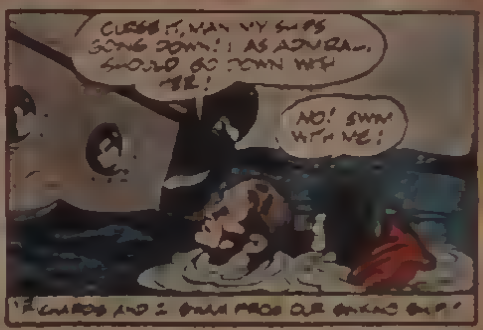
KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT FOR NAZI SUBMARINES!
AYE-AYE, SIR!
BUT HE WAS WORRIED ENOUGH TO
AYE-AYE! NAZI SUBMARINE
STRUCK ANCHOR.
ALL HANDS
FULL SPEED AHEAD! CLEAR FOR ACTION AND OPEN FIRE ON THAT NAZI SUBMARINE!

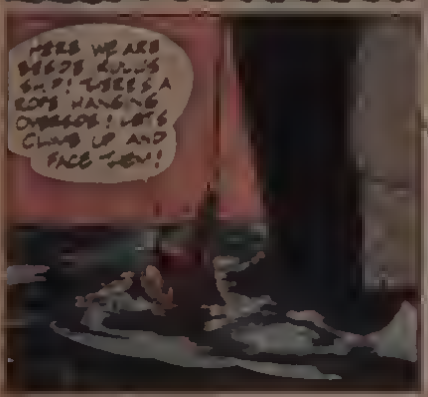
I HAD BEEN GIVEN COMMAND OF THE BOW GUN! WE OPEN FIRE ON THE NAZI CRAFT.
THAT WAS CLOSE!
SHE CAN'T RETREAT— OUR BATTLE SHIP UNDER CAPTAIN KULL HAS CUT HER OFF! IF SHE DIVES, STAND BY FOR A DEPTH CHARGE!
BUT THE SUBMARINE DID NOT DIVE! SHE SPED AWAY ALMOST DOUBLING KULL'S SHIP, WHICH DID NOT HAVE A SCRATCH!
HEIL!
HEIL!
HUH—? CAPTAIN KULL DON— ATTACK THE SUB!
SHE TOOK HER OTHER SUBMARINES IN THE DISTANCE!
YOU'RE RIGHT MAJOR! CONVENCE KING!


A GUN IN THE BACK!
CARAMBA!

WE'RE SINKING SO! THERE'S NEW MAGAZINE!
THEY WORK HERE! KILL HIM QUICKER GUNS THAN WE HAVE.

DAS HOT GUY!

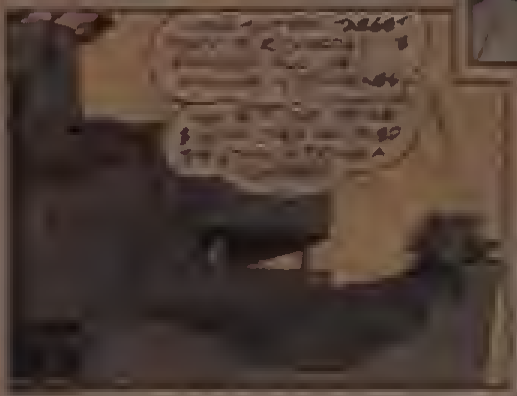

CURSE IT, MAN MY SHIPS GOING DOWN! I AS ADMIRAL SHOULD GO DOWN WITH HER!
NO! SWIM WITH ME!


HERE WE ARE BEHIND ENEMY SHIP! THERE'S A ROPE HANGING OVERBOARD! LET'S CLIMB UP AND FACE THEM!

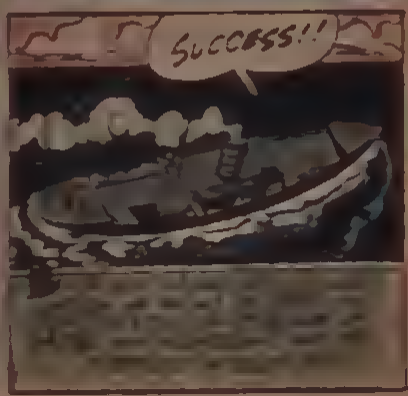
ADMIRAL RICARDO AND ONE OF HIS MEN, SEÑOR — THEY'VE SWUM HERE AND ARE TRYING TO GET ABOARD!
HELP THEM UP HERE! I HAVE A WAY TO MAKE THEM USEFUL!

SURVIVORS
AMERICAN

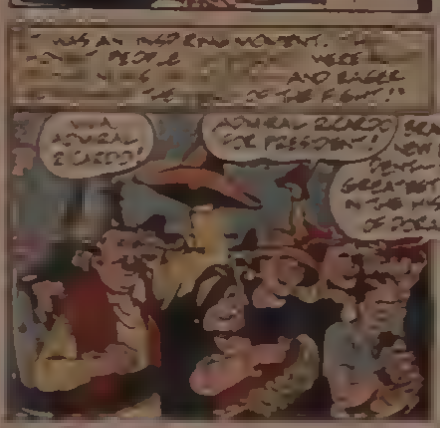
BANG
BANG

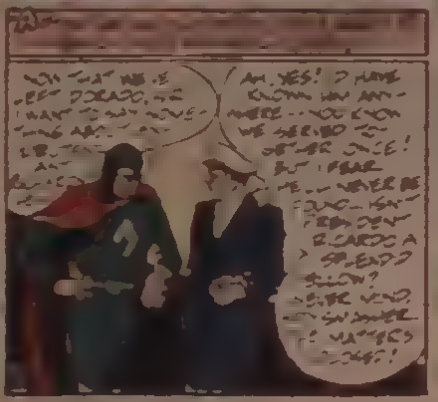


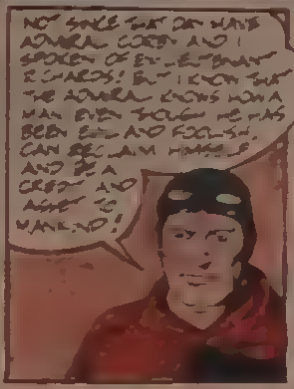
HANG ON BY YOUR
FINGERNAILS MEN! I'M GONNA TRY TO DODGE
THAT TORPEDO!


SUCCESS!!

MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA THE CAPTAIN GOES SLEEPING AGAIN
THAT MAKES OUR BET AMERICA A COUNTRY FROM
RICARDO



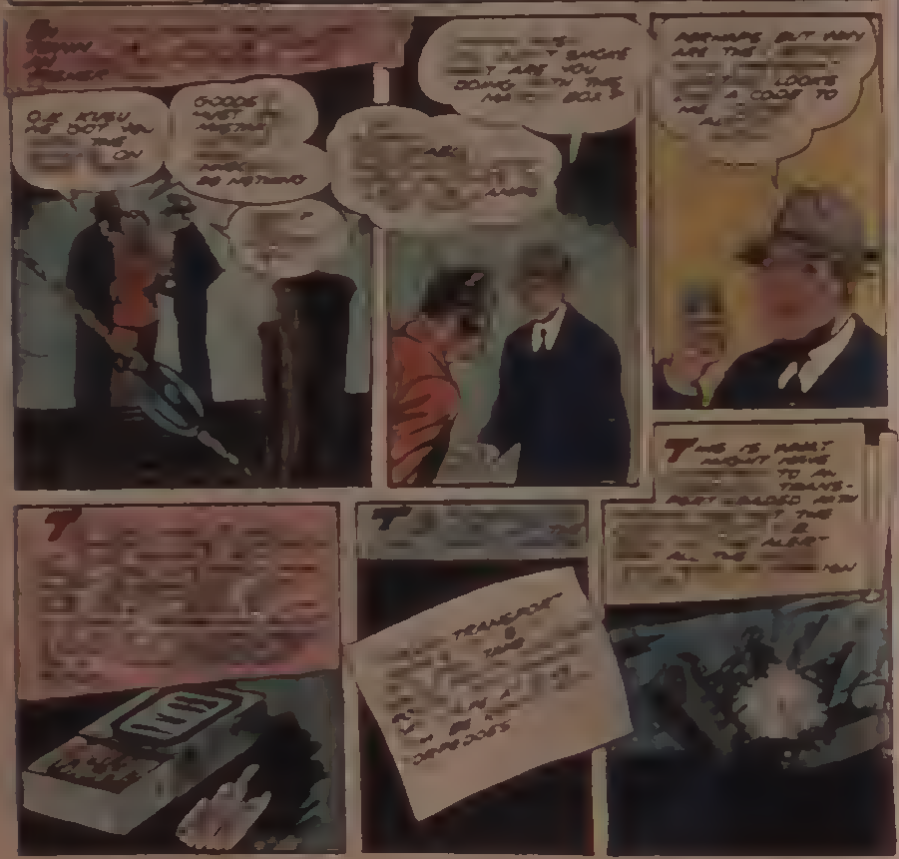




DON'T MISS SPY SMASHER'S FURTHER ADVENTURES EACH MONTH IN

TRUE SPY SECRETS OF TODAY

HOW THE WILY ENEMY SPIES OF THIS WAR OPERATE AGAINST AMERICA



SPY SECRET II

OBSERVE FROM TOKIO CONCEALED IN MEN NOW TIME TO OBTAIN
AN HAVE CLEARLY PHOTOGRAPHED THE PART FROM EVERY ANGLE ANY SUSPICIONS WILL SURELY REWARD ME GREATLY
OH! IS SO?
HEY, YOU THERE, HAND OVER THAT CAMERA! YOU CAN'T TAKE PICTURES HERE!
RIGHT ETCHEVSKY, BUT! OOOF!
HASTED! YOU AND YOUR TRICKY MEN ARE COMING WITH ME TO HEADQUARTERS.
ONCE

Call the Roll of Heroes..

...And You'll Find Them ALL PRESENT in

WHIZ COMICS

Every Month!

GET THE LATEST COPY AT YOUR NEWSSTAND TODAY!

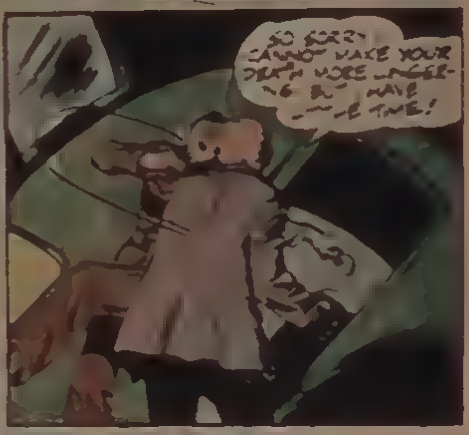
68 PAGES 10¢

SPY SMASHER
AND HIDEOUS HIDEO!
ALASKA! HIDEO - WE WILL MAKE THE AMERICAN BASES USELESS, THEN WE CRUSH ALL AMERICA! HO! HO! HO!
I DON'T CARE IF YOU SEE DOCS OR PEOPLE SEE AND I WARN YOU YOU CAN'T TAKE MY HEAD - IT'S STUCK THE MOST GRUESOME ADVENTURE EVER HAD

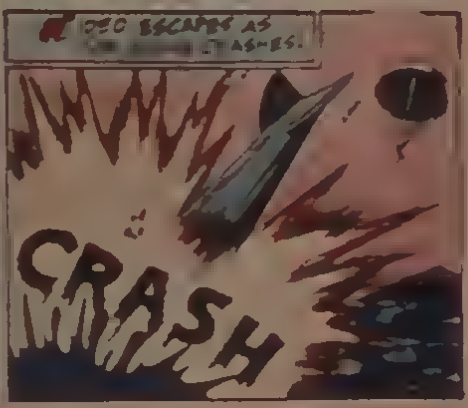
EVERYTHING O.K. SERGEANT? GOT TO TAKE THESE BOMBS RIGHT TO THE COMMANDING GENERAL.
EVERYTHING'S READY, SIR!
FIVE MINUTES MORE AND WE'LL BE ON THE WAY COME!
YOU FOR THE FIRST ONE!
THERE'S ONE MORE SONG-SO SHUT UP SO QUICKLY! A MOMENT MORE-AND HE'LL BE ALONE WITH DEATH!

AAA-HHH
SO LATE MY FRIEND
NOW ONLY THE PILOT IS LEFT!

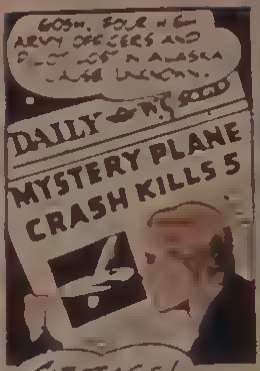
YOU REMOVED MY MASK! LOOK ME — HONORABLE VEE PILOT OF THE AIR CHILDREN FEW WHO HAVE SEEN THE FACE OF HIDEO!

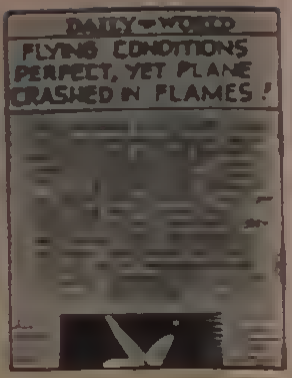

SO SORRY CANNOT MAKE YOUR DEATH MORE LINGER-ING BUT HAVE NICE TIME!

MUST HURRY & HAVE TO SERVE MY EMPEROR AGAIN!


HIDEO ESCAPES AS ASHES.
CRASH

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THIS?


GOSH, FOUR U.S. ARMY OFFICERS AND PILOT LOST IN ALASKA SNOW UNKNOWN.
DAILY WORLD
MYSTERY PLANE CRASH KILLS 5

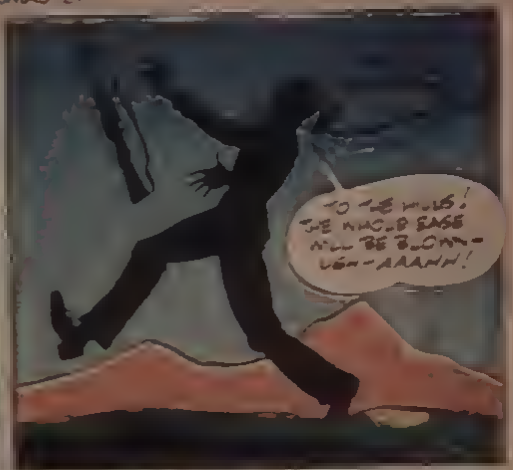

DAILY WORLD
FLYING CONDITIONS PERFECT, YET PLANE CRASHED IN FLAMES!

SABOTAGE! SPY SMASHER MUST GO INTO ACTION BEFORE THE ENEMY CAN STRIKE AGAIN

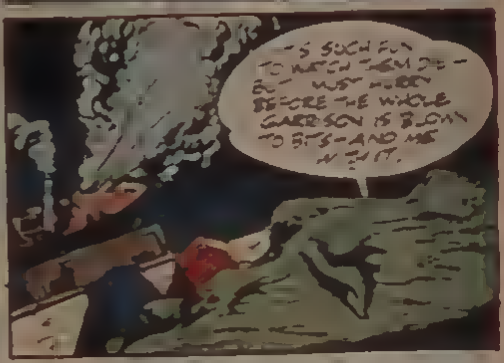
A FEW MINUTES LATER A STRANGE LOOKING AIRSHIP ZOOMS OVER WASHINGTON AND HEADS FOR ALASKA. AT THE CONTROLS OF HIS SECRET GYRO-SUB IS SPY SMASHER-OFF ON HIS GRIMMEST ADVENTURE.

GYRO-SUB

SOUND THE ALARM! MUNITION SHIPS ON FIRE AND THE WHOLE WHARFS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES!


TO THE WORLD! THE WHOLE BASE WILL BE BLOWN- UGH-AAAHH!

NOW QUICKLY MY NOISELESS GUNS AND BLOW AROUND THE NECK SO EASY--SO

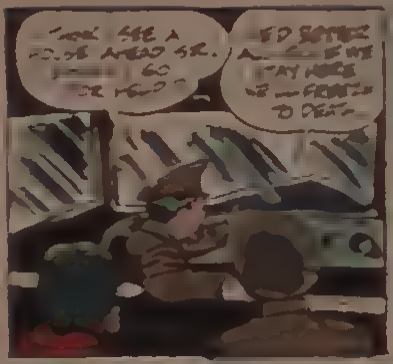

IT'S SUCH FUN TO WATCH THEM DIE- BUT MUST HURRY BEFORE THE WHOLE GARRISON IS BLOWN TO BITS-AND ME IN IT.

OF THE SHIPYARDS YES-SUB AND S ER- SPY SMASHER!

HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

SPY SMASHER
HERE WAS THE ARCH-MOST DANGEROUS SPY IN THE WORLD HE HAS THE MOST HORRIBLE FACE EVER SEEN - BUT NO ONE HAS SEEN IT AND LIVED HE HASN'T BEEN CAUGHT HIM BECAUSE HE'S A PAST MASTER IN DISGUISE.
NO MATTER WHAT PRECAUTIONS HE TAKES - HOWEVER STRONG AGAIN AND AGAIN - WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM - OR AMERICA IS DOOMED!
NO NO NO! LOOK OUT AMERICA HODO IS READY TO STRIKE AGAIN!
HODO KILLS ANYONE HE WANTS TO IMPERSONATE THEN POURS HOT WAX OVER HIS FACE A FEW HOURS LATER - HODO HAS TAKEN THE MAN'S PLACE WEARING A DEATH-MASK OF THE MAN'S FACE THAT FOOLS EVERYONE
THE GENERAL'S CAR PICKS UP TED AS AN ON-COMING AUTOMOBILE BLITZARD BLOWS THEIR AN EXTRA PASSENGER - SPY SMASHER!

SPY SMASHER, I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU.
-- GO AHEAD SIR AND SEE IF IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET HERE BY THE SOUTH.
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, SMITH? THIS ROAD SEEMS TO GET DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE WOODS!
DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.


I SEE A DOOR AHEAD SIR. SHALL I GO IN OR WAIT?
NO SOLDIER A SPY MUST STAY HERE AT HIS POST OF DUTY

A FEW MORE STEPS, GENERAL— AND WE'LL MAKE IT!

WHEW, LUCK—THE DOOR IS OPEN!

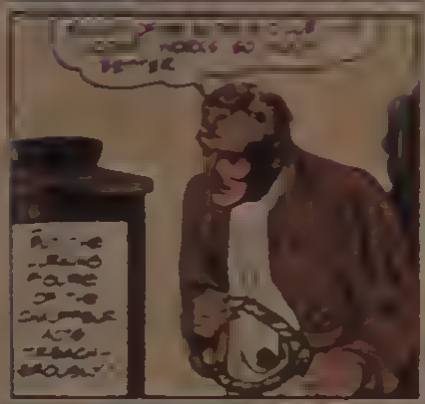
LOOK OUT—IT'S A TRAP!
SUDDENLY!

THE CRIMSON SHADOW AND SPIES!

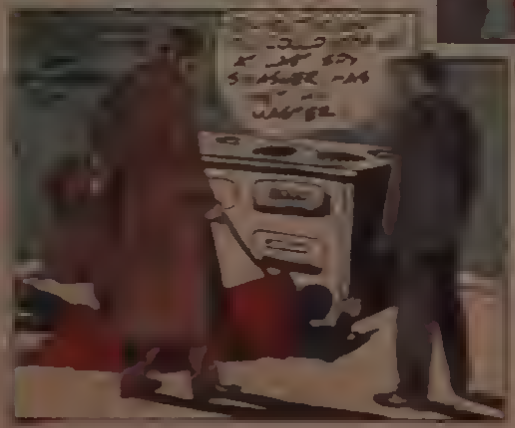
DEMO!.. SPY SMASHER— QUICK!

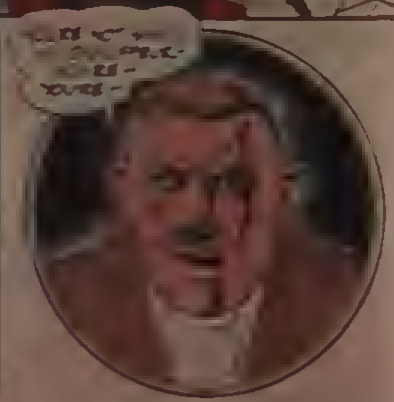
YOU DON'T GET ME "HAT EASY- TRAITOR!

-AS FOR THE REST OF YOU RATS!



HA-A-AH!





I WONDER WHO'LL BE A GOOD LOOK GENTLEMEN WHEN YOU'RE SEE ALIVE!
FORGIVE ME HONORABLE GENERAL - FOR BEING SO BOLD AS TO TAKE YOUR CHARACTERS PLACE BACK THERE IN THAT SHOWBOAT.
WANTED TO BE SURE WHO WE GOT SMASHER - BUT YOU WOULD YOU HAS MASKED WHO GOT YOU.
AS FOR THE GENERAL - AFTER YOU HAVE GOT SMASHER OUT OF THE WAY WE WILL BE INTERESTED TO HEAR YOU CAN BE USEFUL TO US - AND SUPPORT.
YOU SHALL DO PLACE - ETC!
WE - GET BACK - ROW BACK TO THE RUG AND WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN
HAD A VERY CAME

WHAT A CHARMING END FOR MR. SPY SMASHER.
HOW!!

WHAT—
CAN'T LOOK
LOOK, GENERAL, LOOK! A FEW MORE DIVERTING SECONDS AND IT WILL BE ALL OVER WITH SPY SMASHER!
WELL PUPPIES! SO YOU WANT TO PLAY BALL?
STEELY FINGERS SPIKE A WOLF'S SNOUT
I CAN PLAY ROUGH, TOO.
HERE, PALS, PLAY WITH THAT.
SINCE YOU'D RATHER EAT EACH OTHER, MIGHT AS WELL—SO.

SPY SMASHER IS OUT
AAOOOHH!

I CAN'T SHOOT— MIGHT HIT SPY SMASHER!
YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD WALK AWAY! NOW YOU'LL DIE FOR SURE
HERE'S MY SHOOTING IRON— LET'S SEE— COME BACK AFTER THAT
SHOOT! QUICK
HERE! WHAT GOT INTO HIS STAGGERING!
STOP EVEN YOU CAN'T LIVE IN SUCH A BLIZZARD!
ANYWAY — DEC — DONE FOR — WE CAN'T LAST OUT BLIZZARD!
AND ALASKA? SAVED MANY A LIFE SPY SMASHER!
YOU KNOW WHO DEC IS, BUT... WHO'S "DODOC"?
SEE SPY SMASHER STORIES EXCITING
WHIZ COMICS!

DEATH AT THE LAUNCHING

by Douglas Mann

HARVEY HODD smiled as he looked up at the leaden-like grave, and turned to the younger man beside him.

"There told us it couldn't be done," he said, "but there it is." A destroyer that fifty torpedoes couldn't sink, or a squadron of dive bombers either! And it's your work, Hanlon."

Chip Hanlon's keen, tired face softened. "Thanks to your backing, Mr. Hodd," he said. "It'll give me a kick to see her slide into that water this afternoon. But if she lists, even a little—"

"If she lists, we'll build another," snapped Hodd. "And another until we get it—until we give America a fighter that can sweep the Axis from the seas."

"I'll tell you something, Hanlon," Hodd went on. "I've built hundreds of ships in my time and never christened one of 'em. But I'm going to christen this one. That's how much I believe in it. Mather, my secretary outside the gates in my car right now—you'll approve with him and get the best bottle of champagne you can buy, and we'll do that job right."

"Mr. Hodd, it's a pleasure," groaned Hanlon, and started for the gates.

Mather, a small swarthy man, smiled as Chip Hanlon jumped into the back seat of the limousine with him.

"Uptown, Mather," rang out Hanlon gaily. "Special errand for the boss."

Mather called to the chauffeur, then looked at Hanlon eagerly. "So America's great mystery fighter goes down the ways today, eh? And Mr. Hodd is going to christen her, as I suggested to him not long ago."

"Right!" beamed Hanlon. "And that ship he's launching will make plenty of Nazi corpses, for every Nazi sub that shows its snout."

"Unless of course, something happens to it—"

Mather suddenly held a mirror. glanced at it quickly. "What do you mean?"

"Just that, my friend", said Mather coldly, and a black automatic poked an ugly nose up from the seat at Hanlon. "Sit where you are. We are driving straight through the city. One false move and I will blast a hole in you bigger than your precious destroyer."

Hanlon's eyes narrowed. "Why, you dirty, double-crossing!"

"Fool!" sneered Mather. "For months I have wanted for this chance. Only the Fatherland has the right to the—not that decadent country!"

HANLON'S lips pressed hard. He could see the wheel was not Harvey Hodd's chauffeur, but Hanlon knew he was trapped.

"—got rid of my Mather," he said quietly. was do or your Fatherland any good. Once that destroyer's in the water, they can build a hundred more like her. Hodd knows the basic designs as well as I do. And you'll never be able to stop that launching this afternoon."

"That's the last thing I stop," smiled Mather coldly. He chuckled wickedly as, dupid—that thing stop."

The suddenly swerved from the boulevard dirt road. A moments later it stopped before a boarded-up

The chauffeur swung open the door and levelled a gun at Hanlon as he stepped out. Mather followed. They prodded him into the house.

Hanlon's eyes darted barren kitchen hopelessly. There was an old stove and chairs. On the table were what looked like two beer cans and in brown paper.

"Sit down!" snapped the Nazi chauffeur. Hanlon looked at him hatefully. The man an angry snarl. A shout warning her for looked out, and sent Hanlon staggering back against the table. The came crashing. "Sit down, schweine," he heard.

"Hanlon!" croaked Mather, gasping. "You know so on the table, d'ye hear?"

The chauffeur sneered dusty white. "Ja, ja," he stammered, forget, Herr Mather."

"Take that rope—tie up."

The chauffeur bound Hanlon a chair. Hanlon watched as Mather pocketed the bottle from the table and unscrewed the cap of one of the cans.

"We will leave you," leered Mather, "with a present." He shoved the open can under Hanlon's nose. "Recognize it?" he purred. "It's nitroglycerine. shall place it on your head— then." He set it carefully on Hanlon's head. "Now, my move around—you stir, but don't think " Mather cackled. on, Fritz, we have a lunch the

Out of the corner Hanlon glanced at table and the other empty can. And Mather taken the What was in that?

Suddenly plane flashed over Hanlon like icy chill stark crept his eyes. No! couldn't was mere wonder!

Hanlon his hands had get free! He had to stop not only his the work of months and for there were Hodd and the naval and locked him alone save the designs

Hanlon struggled. He sobbed. He was hopelessly The duck to that nerve and they wouldn't find short.

Suddenly on the wall opposite him. In the

[illegible] above the street. The car [illegible] reached it.

A faint hope gripped Hanlon. [illegible] a sliver of a chance—a [illegible] risk. But better that [illegible] remaining beholden while [illegible] launched his destroyer to [illegible] grave.

He braced his feet on the [illegible] pushed up cautiously [illegible] the wall. The can wob- [illegible] Hanlon's body froze. He [illegible] an agony.

The can settled again. Han- [illegible] pushed up again, slowly, [illegible]. A fraction of an inch [illegible] a time, he edged his body and [illegible] closer up the wall, watching [illegible] in the mirror. Cords [illegible] out on his neck from the [illegible] strain.

His hand reached the level of [illegible] shelf. He took a deep breath [illegible] shoved his hand back slowly. [illegible] can tipped, then slid down [illegible] the shelf.

[illegible] rolled to the wall, then for- [illegible] to the edge. For one para- [illegible] moment, it hung on the [illegible] lip of the shelf. Hanlon [illegible] heartbroken at the mirror. [illegible] can rolled back gently to [illegible] again and stayed there.

Hanlon slumped back to the [illegible] with an appreciated sigh. Breathing heavily, he looked [illegible] the sharp metal edge of the stove. He rocked the chair and tipped [illegible] on the floor. Swerving and lurching, he edged [illegible] closer [illegible] the [illegible]

HE PRESSED one leg close to the sharp edge and [illegible] at the bindings. The rope [illegible] opened and he freed the [illegible] Jumping to his feet, he backed away feverishly at the ropes on his hands. With a final wrench, he ripped the ropes off and [illegible] the house.

He waved frantically to a [illegible] taxi and leaped on the running board as the cab slowed [illegible]

"To the shipyard!" he barked. "Y— got to make it in ten minutes!"

"Can do it, buddy—too much traffic."

Hanlon's arm reached out like a shot. The front door of the cab flew open and the driver flew out. Flat on the boulevard, the open-mouthed cabbie stared as his hack leaped away.

Hanlon's foot jammed down the accelerator. He had reserve around and past several cars as the cab picked up speed. At once Hanlon knew the cabbie was right. He'd be held up by traffic snarls as he reached the city. A screaming dismay came over him.

Suddenly a wild hope glowed in Hanlon's eyes. He fished out a match and struck it into the hora button. With his horn blaring madly, the cab careened crazily along the boulevard, dodging and swerving past ambling cars.

Hanlon glanced at his watch. Four minutes left! His hands gripped the wheel fiercely. The speedometer leaped up to sixty-five—seventy.

He streaked past a patrol car. The two officers stared at the fleeting cab, then roared away from the curb in pursuit. Another trooper picked up the chase. Then another. Hanlon glanced at the mirror and smiled hard. Three troopers and a patrol car after him, three sirens screaming. It was what he wanted!

The traffic thickened as he raced [illegible] the business blocks. But the screaming cavalcade behind him could be heard coming for a mile. Cars pulled over to the curb and stopped. Pedestrians scurried for safety. Traffic cops [illegible] him on and stared.

Hanlon tore madly down toward the shipyard. He wrenched the wheel violently, tipped and screeched into a side street. Below him loomed the high steel fence of the yard.

A splintering crash and the cab ploughed through the gates, [illegible] them apart. Hanlon jammed on the brakes and leaped from the cab.

Beneath the destroyer, Hanlon saw a small group gathered as he raced for them. Over their heads he glimpsed Harvey Heald's upraised hand gripping a bottle. The sight sent a chilling surge through his pounding legs.

He reached the group and gave a mighty leap. His outstretched hands fastened on the bottle and wrenched it from Heald's hand. He held it high above him as his body slammed down hard on the cement.

An uproar followed. Hanlon staggered [illegible] feet. "Hold that, Mr. Heald!—carefully!" gasped Hanlon, shoving the bottle at him.

Hanlon's eyes darted around the bewildered group. Finally he saw Mueller wanting calmly away from the scene, down near the water edge of the ways.

With a curse Hanlon sped down toward him. Mueller's gun blazed out. He turned and fled across the ways. But the sloping track, greased with old hawsers, was a treacherous trap. Mueller's legs shot from under him and he fell sprawling.

Suddenly from all over the yard came screaming cries of warning. Mueller clawed frantically for a foothold. Hanlon reached over to grab him, but jumped back just in time.

Laborers with their sledge-hammers, thinking the cries of the group was the signal, had knocked the props from under the destroyer. Hanlon stood rooted as the mighty ship slithered down over Mueller's writhing body and splashed out into the bay.

"Maybe you'll explain yourself!" said Heald irritably, as he held back several scowling troopers and guards. "The first time I choose a ship, I get stopped!" he muttered.

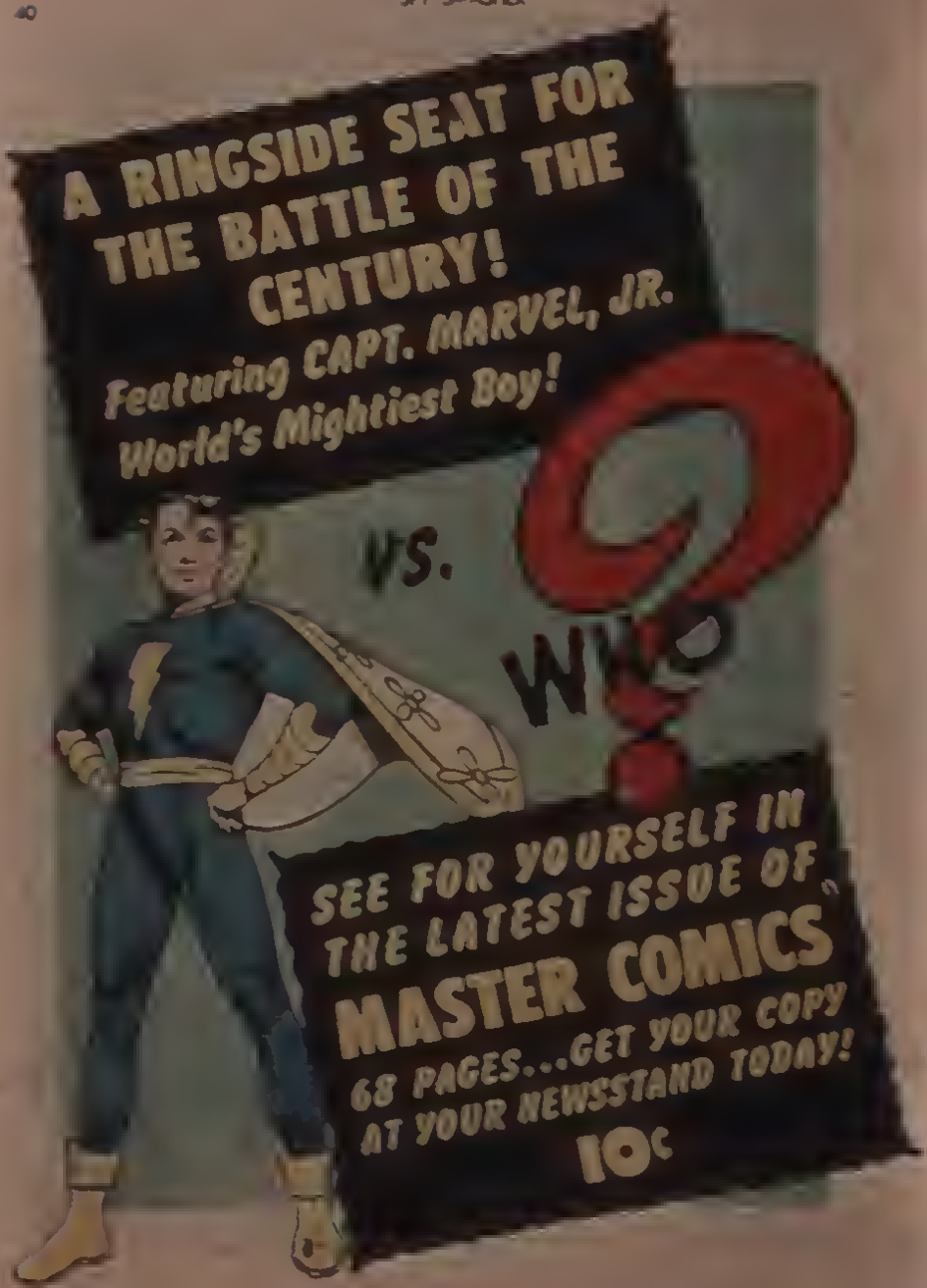
"It would have been your last christening, Mr. Heald!" said Hanlon grimly. He took the bottle and smashed it. "Small!"

The shipbuilder frowned, but smiled, then stared at Hanlon. "Nerve!" he muttered hoarsely.

"Right!—no champagne, but Mueller got enough nitro in it to blow all of you and that destroyer across the bay!"

"And that," said Hanlon pointing grimly to a dark splotch on the ways, "is what's going to happen to every Nazi who gets in the way of our destroyer!"

THE END


A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!
Featuring CAPT. MARVEL, JR. World's Mightiest Boy!
VS.
WHO?
SEE FOR YOURSELF IN THE LATEST ISSUE OF
MASTER COMICS
68 PAGES...GET YOUR COPY AT YOUR NEWSSTAND TODAY!
10c

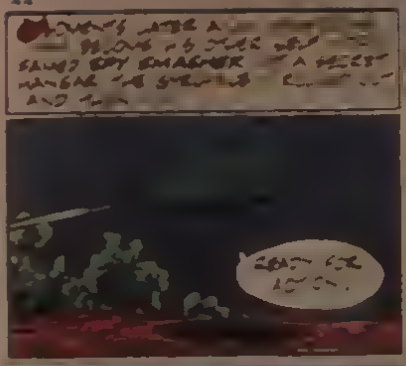
SPY SMASHER

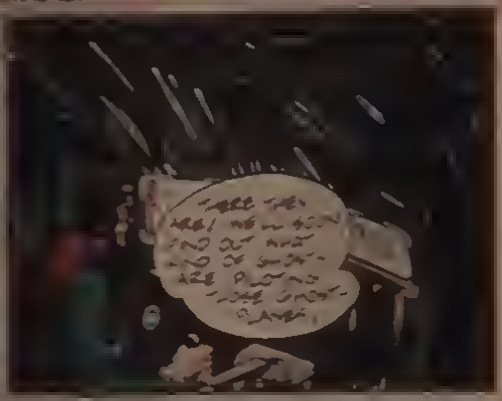
And the GHOST SQUADRON

HENCE CAME THESE GHOSTS OF THE SKIES WHO HAD FOUGHT AND DIED FOR AMERICA AND WHO NOW RETURNED TO PLAGUE AND DESTROY! HEROES DEAD AND GONE! WHY HAD THEY BECOME DEAD SYMBOLS OF TERROR IN THE HOUSE OF FREEDOM-LOVING
SPY SMASHER HOPES TO END THE GHOST'S REIGN OF TERROR — AS ALL MEN — HE TOO — IS A MEMBER OF THE SQUADRON OF DEATH!
— AND AN AERIAL PLANE "A" ..
GOSH, THE HERO BUSINESS IS BORING — WHEN SOMETHING NOBODY HATES
...ZOOM...
HUMM... A PLANE DEAD AHEAD. WE'RE CRASHING.

I'M ... RIGHT THROUGH HER — WASN'T EVEN THERE.
BUT LOOK AT BRENSTER.
... HE'D SEEN A GHOST
... WAS NO PLANE.
... SEEN A GHOST SIR.
NO ONE SHOT HIM A YELLOW-HEL DISEASE BUT WHATEVER! AND HE'S DEAD!
YOU MUST BE MAD, BRENSTER! GO TO YOUR QUARTERS AT ONCE!
WHAT! ... GOOD!

DISAPPEARED!
KIRBY COLLINS
BOOM!
ACE ATTACKS ARE BUILDING MORALE... WE CAN'T FIGHT GHOSTS!
ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE GHOSTS... IF THESE PLANES ARE FLYING... SOMEWHERE THE PILOTS AREN'T DEAD YET!
SAY SMASHER...
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
ACE COVER... SPEED BOOY... IT'S THE GHOST SQUADRON!
G-MEN! I SAW THEM... THEY JUST ATTACKED AN ARMY PATROL!

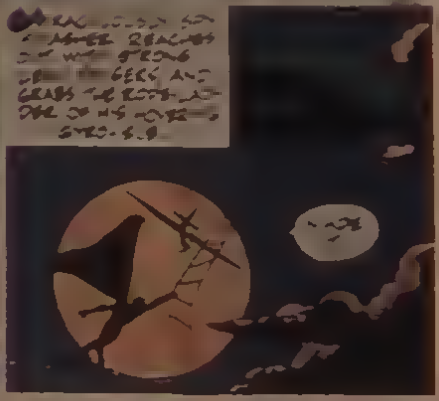

SPY SMASHER
READY FOR ACTION.


WHERE THEY ARE! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT KIND OF SNOW-ARE PLOTTING SOME SNOW-SLAVE!

THIS PLANE CERTAINLY FEELS SOLID ENOUGH!
SPY SMASHER!

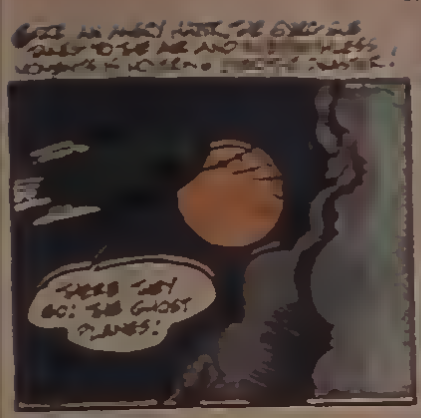
NOW WE'LL SEE WHO YOU REALLY ARE... AND IF WE'RE NOT... A MAN DISGUISED THAT.

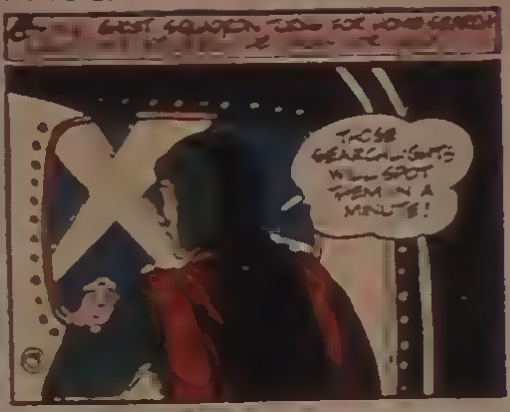
GO NOW, SPY SMASHER!

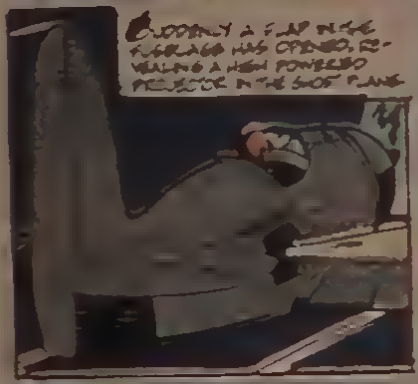

SPY SMASHER REACHES OUT WITH STRONG ARM AND GRABS THE ROTOR-BLADE OF HIS MOVING AUTO-GYRO.
-NOT

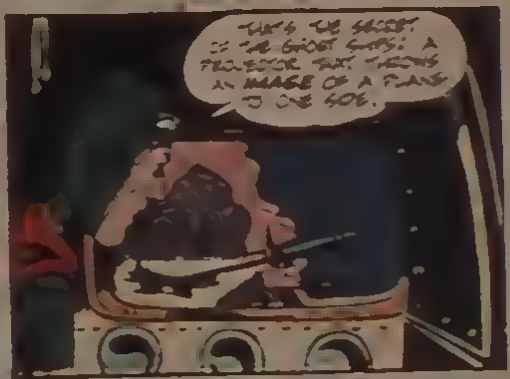
NOW TO FIND OUT WHETHER THAT MONK IS ACTUALLY IN THAT PLANE
THE GHOST PLANES HAVE GONE!
AT THE MAIN AIRPORTING IS WALKING ALONG A CROWDED STREET, WHEN.....
I MUST BE SOME CRACK! I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW HENRY WORTH AT THE CONTROLS OF THAT PLANE.
SPY SMASHER KILLED! READ ALL ABOUT
SPY SMASHER KILLED IN?
HE WAS KILLED IN A FIGHT WITH THOSE GHOST PLANES!
IN HIS OWN ROOMS, ALAN READS THE PAPER.....
SO A PILOT SAW SPY SMASHER FALL FROM A PLANE AT THE HOUSE HERE... IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO HAVE HIM THINK THAT SPY SMASHER IS DEAD AT THE
SPY SMASHER KILLED
IT WOULD SEEM THOSE GHOST PLANES TO RETURN... AND THEN THEY... FIND THAT SPY SMASHER IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!

ALAN! OH, I WAS SO WORRIED! I THOUGHT—
I LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ALONE, EH.
AND SO, YOU SEE NO ONE MUST KNOW THAT SPY SMASHER IS — ALAN NOT EVEN THE GIRL —
YOU CAN COUNT ON ME ALAN
SUPPOSE YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPER— IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT SPY SMASHER IS A REAL— REAL ALAN
I'M GLAD I HAVE TO BELIEVE IT!
A MESSAGE BLOWN TO MEET— I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT AMERICAN PILOTS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS. ANY OF THEM WOULDN'T FLY AGAINST THE COUNTRY THEY LOVE.
SPY SMASHER IS — I'VE GOT TO GHOST HIM
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN APPOINTMENT.
AND I HATE TO LIE TO HER!

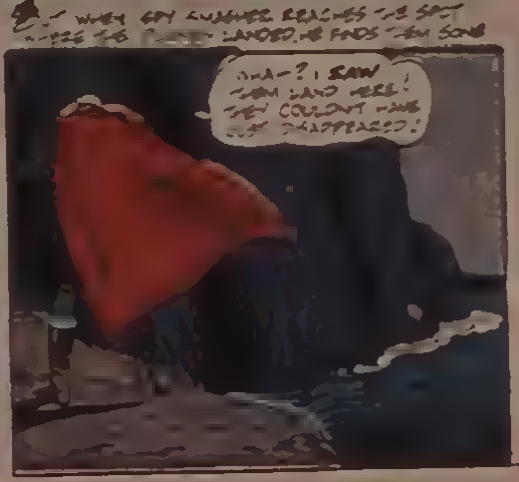

THERE THEY GO! THE GHOST PLANES!


THOSE SEARCH-LIGHTS WILL SPOT THEM IN A MINUTE!


SUDDENLY A FLAP IN THE FUSELAGE HAS OPENED, REVEALING A HIGH POWERED PROJECTOR IN THE GHOST PLANE


THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE GHOST SHIPS! A PROJECTOR THAT THROWS AN IMAGE OF A PLANE IN ONE SPOT.

THE GHOST SQUADRON SLOWS DOWN TO

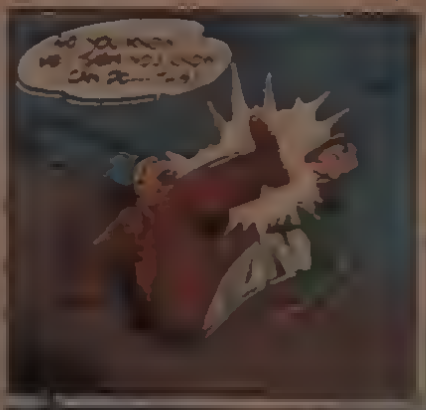

WHEN SPY SMASHER REACHES THE SPOT WHERE THE LANDED, HE FINDS THEM GONE

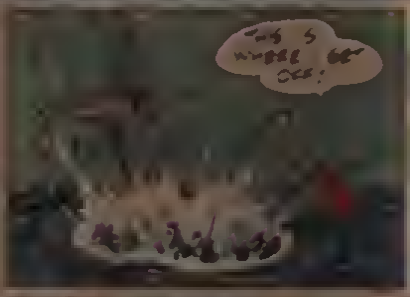
WHIR! WHIR

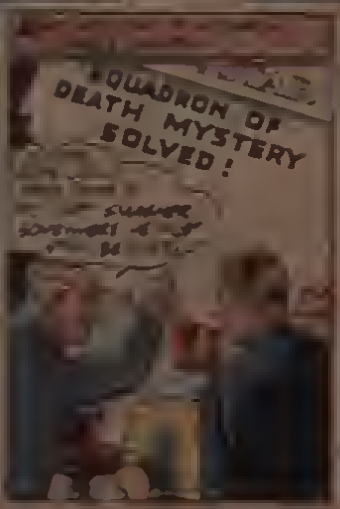
UNLESS I'D...
BUT YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE!
I'D LOOK LIKE AN AMBER CAN ESTER...
OH!
NOW YOU DIE!
DON'T SPEAK IN HASTE LITTLE MAN!
THE STRANGE ARYAN THROWS A SWITCH AND STARTS TO HIS WAITING PLANE.
I'LL ESCAPE HIM YET!
STOP HIM!

GOTCHA!
NOT ME, YOU DOPE HIM!
WHY ARGUE OVER
THE NEXT INSTANT SPY SMASHER
SAY, MISTER, ARE YOU....
BUT THE FLAME
- DOING ON
THE SOVIS RELEASE! I'LL FIX SPY SMASHER!

NOW! PREY
ON SORCERER
ME!
THE
EXPLOSIVE BOMB
SHATTERS THE
FACE OF
THE CLIFF,
STARTING
AN
AVALANCHE.
HOW TO TELL
THE GHOST
PERSON!
IMPOSSIBLE!
THIS IS THE END OF
YOUR GHOST STORY!
A RUBBER FACE MASK!
AND THOSE OTHER GHOSTS
WERE NAZI AGENTS YOU
SMUGGLED INTO THE
COUNTRY, EH, BARON
VON KURTZ?






SQUADRON OF DEATH MYSTERY SOLVED!

SPY SMASHER
COMICS!
BUT...

THE GREATEST SECRET SERVICE COUP OF WORLD WAR II SUCH WAS THE ACHIEVEMENT OF AN UNKNOWN ALLIED SECRET SERVICE AGENT IN A COURAGEOUS ONE-MAN [redacted] THE [redacted] IMPORTANT GERMAN [redacted] BASE AT ALMORN GERMANY!
THE GERMAN NAVAL COMMAND [redacted] AN URGENT SESSION.
GENTLEMEN! I SUGGEST WE PRECEED THE ALL-OUT OFFENSIVE IN FRANCE WITH A LARGE-SCALE ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH CHANNEL COAST BY THE ENTIRE GERMAN FLEET!
[redacted] FOR A PACT OF [redacted] TO BE SUCCESSFUL, FLEET MUST HAVE HEAVY SUPPORT FROM THE AIR
I CAN ASSURE YOU, HERR VON SCHOBER, THE LUFTWAFFEN CORPS IS AT [redacted] TO DEVASTATE THE ENTIRE ENGLISH COASTLINE
GOOD! WE WILL LAY ENGLAND WIDE OPEN TO INVASION VICTORY WILL BE OURS.

THE GERMANS ARE SENDING ORDERS TO THEIR
MASS FOR ATTACK ON ENGLAND! ZEPPELINS WILL AID! AWAIT ORDERS!
ARE
ZEPPS
NAVAL ACTION AGAINST
MUST
LIES DEPENDS ON
REMEMBER

AND DETERMINATION
DIE, YOU BLASTED BOCHE, DIE!
MEINE, ARMAND, YOUR NECK IS ... YOU'VE JUST ESCAPED ... NECK THIS CU... JUST WANT ... NECKLACE
HALTEN! STOP OR ...
AH... LIKE THE DANE'S ALL SET TO GO ... HAVE ... NECK FA...

COOL AND CALCULATING
THE
IT'S MY LIFE ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, SO HERE GOES!
HURLED IT AT A NEARBY BARREL OF BENZENE!
A
5 SECONDS LATER, THE ENTIRE BASE WAS A HOLOCAUST. THE SUPER DREADNAUGHTS OF THE AXIS WERE COMPLETELY DESTROYED. ENGLAND WAS SAVED!
LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE OF

THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY
WASHINGTON

Boys and Girls of America:

Here's a way for every one of you to help your country.

Every time you buy a Savings Stamp you are helping Uncle Sam to pay for a part of a gun, plane or ship which your fathers, brothers or uncles are using for the defense of our country.

If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent Savings Stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes and ships he could buy with that!

Remember, you can help to "Keep 'em Flying" by buying a Defense Stamp every week.

Sincerely,

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE
BONDS AND STAMPS

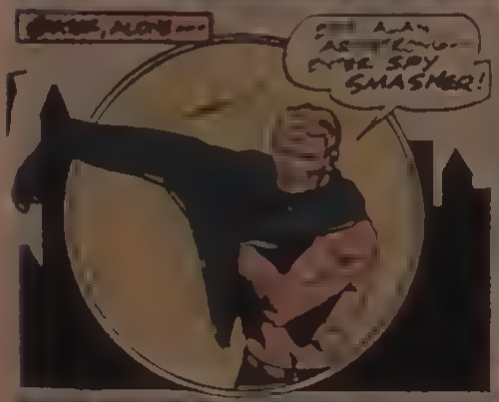
THIS SPACE IS DONATED BY FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, PUBLISHERS OF THIS MAGAZINE IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL DEFENSE — VICTORY!

SPY SMASHER

STRANGE CRIME IN THE NEWS. YOUNG ARMY SERGEANT NAMED SHIRE IS ACCUSED OF GIVING PLANS OF ARMY ANTI-TANK GUN TO THE ENEMY!
SHIRE'S ARE INTERESTED IN THE CHARGES AGAINST ROBERT L. SHIRE, AT THE HOME OF AMELIA CORAY, NAVAL
SHIRE? HE'S A FRIEND OF MINE!
SHIRE? THE SHIRES HAD A PLANTATION NEXT TO OURS IN VIRGINIA. I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS!
ONLY FOR KNOWING THAT QUIET ALAN ARMSTRONG IS REALLY SPY SMASHER!
VERY USEFUL — FOR ALAN!
SORRY, ARMSTRONG, THE EVIDENCE AGAINST SERGEANT SHIRE HAD THE LAW — LATER HE COULDN'T PROVIDE IT.
AND THAT MEANS
ALAN ARMSTRONG RETURNS IN VIRGINIA AT THE ARMY POST.
BY DEATH! AVOID MY POSSESS — FROM — AS A — DATA
OUT OF MY WAY, YE YOUNG DOG!
ARE YE THE LOW-DOWN GONK WHO SETS MY GRANDSON'S A TRAITOR?
WHY— —UH—

HANDS OFF SLIM! I'LL BE— HE'S GOT BLOOD ALL OVER A FORTY-ACRE FIELD!
HOLD! SERGEANT!
DROP IT, SLIM. GRANDMOTHER'S HERE!

DON'T THINK BOMBER ... HE'D TIGHT AFORE REAL Y GIT
LET YOU BE NEWSPAPERING ... SMASH HAS LY DANGER...


SERGEANT, ALONE...
ALAN ASTRONG— EVERY SPY SMASHER!

OF

PSST! SERGEANT BOB HOWE, I'M SPY SMASHER!
HAVE YOU COME TO GET ME OUT? I'M INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES!

CAN'T BE— YOU WILL— WAS DR. LLOD THE PLANS THERE— AND THE SPY PAPERS NOW IN HER PLACE!
OF COURSE, THE COURT MUST ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT! WHO ELSE KNEW YOU HAD THOSE PLANS?

NO NOBODY — EXCEPT — UH — I DON'T MENTION HER TO THE COURT — AS A — I WAS AFRAID SHE'D GET IN TROUBLE.
WAS LONA?
LONA'S WONDERFUL! MET HER AT A DANCE — SHE'S — LOVELIEST GI — I EVER SAW! HER ADDRESS IS 99 DEVON MANOR..
I SEE! MET HER AT A DANCE — — WONDERFUL — LOVELY GIRL — 99 DEVON MANOR!
LONA! SERGEANT SWEES IN PRISON READY TO DIE FOR OUR CRIME! WE STOLE THOSE PLANS. WE'LL GET THE CREST.
RELAX, KARL! IT WAS I WHO LURED HIM — I WHO GOT THE PLANS — I WHO — HAVE THE REWARD —
A SHADOW AT THE WINDOW — IT'S SPY SMASHER!
HAH! WINDOW'S CLOSED. CAN'T HEAR MUCH.
LONA'S QUICK EYES SEE THE SHADOW!
GET AWAY, YOU SERVANT SPY! I'LL NEVER BETRAY HER CA!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
— I'VE — LEARN ALL — BE PRAISE FROM MY CHIEFS!
CAREFUL, SPY SMASHER! HE HAS A GUN!

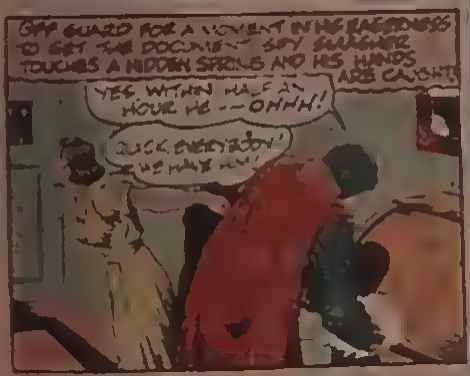
SOCK!
I THINK I'M ALONE
OH LONA! BOB SENT YOU ABOUT HIM AND ABOUT
REAL EVIDENCE TO GIVE YOU
CAUTIOUSLY SECRETLY
SPY SMASHER!

I'VE BEEN WOR- HARD - CE, YOU LEF-!
WELL, OLA? -TS THIS EVIDENCE OU PROMISED ME.

IN FACT, I WAS ABLE TO CAPTURE BACK THOSE PLANS BOB SHREE LOST!
QUICK, WHERE ARE THEY?

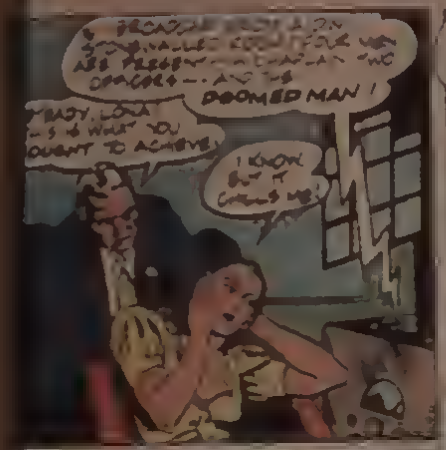
RIGHT THERE, ON MY DESK. BOY - THEY' RE-

THESE MAY HELP SAVE BOB— THERE ARE ONLY MINUTES OF LIFE LEFT FOR HIM!
IS HE DYING TONIGHT?

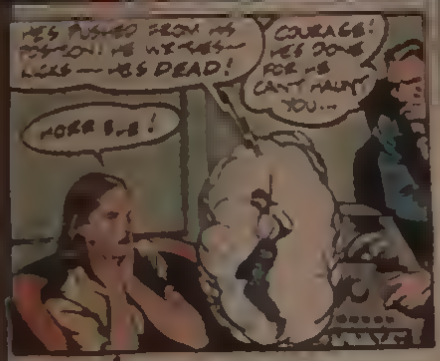

OFF GUARD FOR A MOMENT IN THE EAGERNESS TO GET THE DOCUMEN- SPY SMASHER TOUCHES A HIDDEN SPRING AND HIS HANDS ARE CAUGHT!
YES, WITHIN HALF AN HOUR HE -- OHHH!
QUICK, EVERYBODY! WE HAVE HIM!

HES BREAKING LOOSE! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DON'T CLUB HIM! WE WANT HIM ALIVE--A PRESENT FOR HITLER!
MEANWHILE, HERE'S A PRESENT FOR A HITLER STOOGE!
SURRENDER, SPY SMASHER! YOU'RE MY PRISONER.
I SEE! YOU HAD ONLY ONE HELPER ALL DAY TODAY--YOU KNEW HE MIGHT ENOUGH TO OVERPOWER ME.
WE PLUGGED YOUR FRIEND BOB SWIRE SO AS TO STEAL VALUABLE PLANS FROM HIM! BUT YOUR PRESENT IS MORE PLEASING STILL!
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU LISTEN IN ON EXEC.
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT NOW!
AND THAT'S ALL OVER THE DIAL.
EXCELLENT! I'LL DO THAT!
SERGEANT BOB SWIRE,

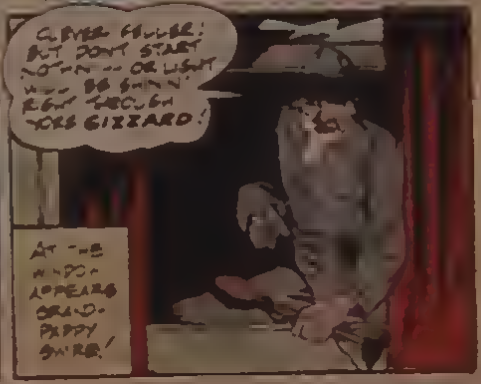

DOOMED MAN!
I KNOW BUT IT CHILLS ME!

CAN SEE IT CAN SEE IT.


COURAGE! HE'S DONE FOR HE CAN'T HAUNT YOU...
HORRIBLE!

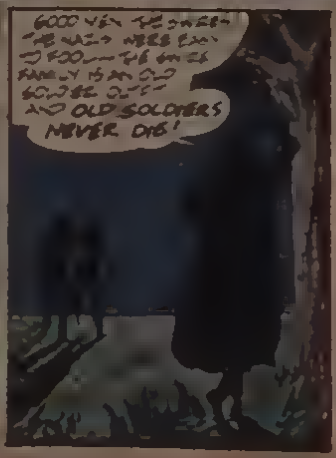
OH, CAN'T I HAUNT HER?
BOB!!

IT'S A FAKE! HE CASTS A SHADOW! LIGHT SHINES THROUGH A REAL PHANTOM!


CLEVER FELLER! BUT DON'T START NOTHIN' -- OR LIGHT WILL BE SHININ' RIGHT THROUGH YORE GIZZARD!
AT THE WINDOW APPEARS GRAND-PAPPY SHIRE!

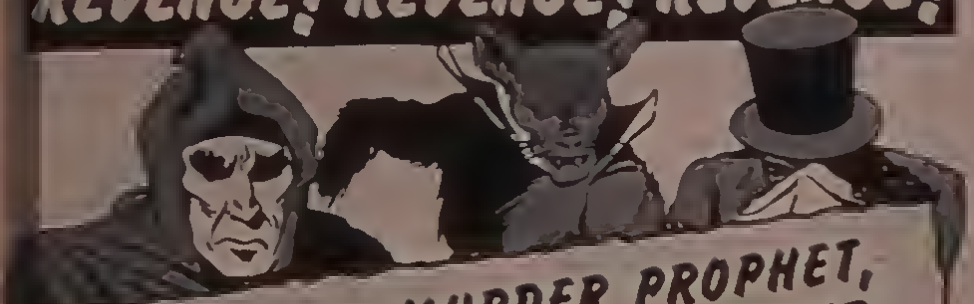
TOO LATE. THE NAZIS RECOGNIZE THE TRICK! THEY TURN TO ESCAPE. BUT—
SWEEP TICK!
I KIN SHOOT AS GOOD AS I KIN BROADCAST! SO—
KAMERAD!
SORRY, LOLA, BUT YOU'RE STAYING!

GREAT WORK!
SUMMER RESCUED A ZOMP! WE RUN A NET FROM THE RADIO TO WHERE SHE'S HELD. THEY BROAD-CASTER, AND BOB HAS PLACED HIS LOVE MOTOR ON THE

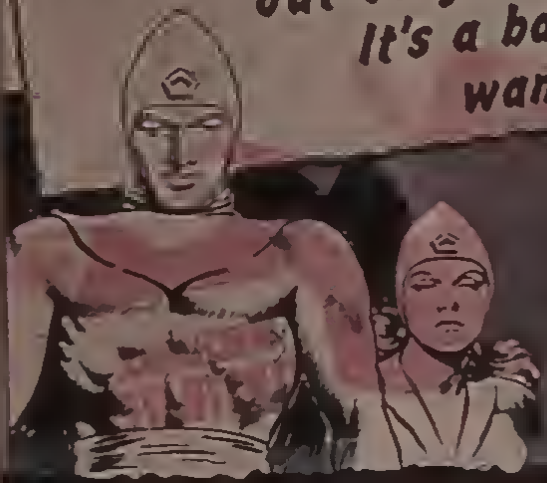


SEE MASTER COMICS AUGUST ISSUE ON SALE JULY 8TH

REVENGE! REVENGE! REVENGE!



They're THE MURDER PROPHET, THE BLACK RAT and THE WEEPER, three arch-fiends banded together as THE REVENGE SYNDICATE-- out to get BULLETMAN! It's a battle you don't want to miss!



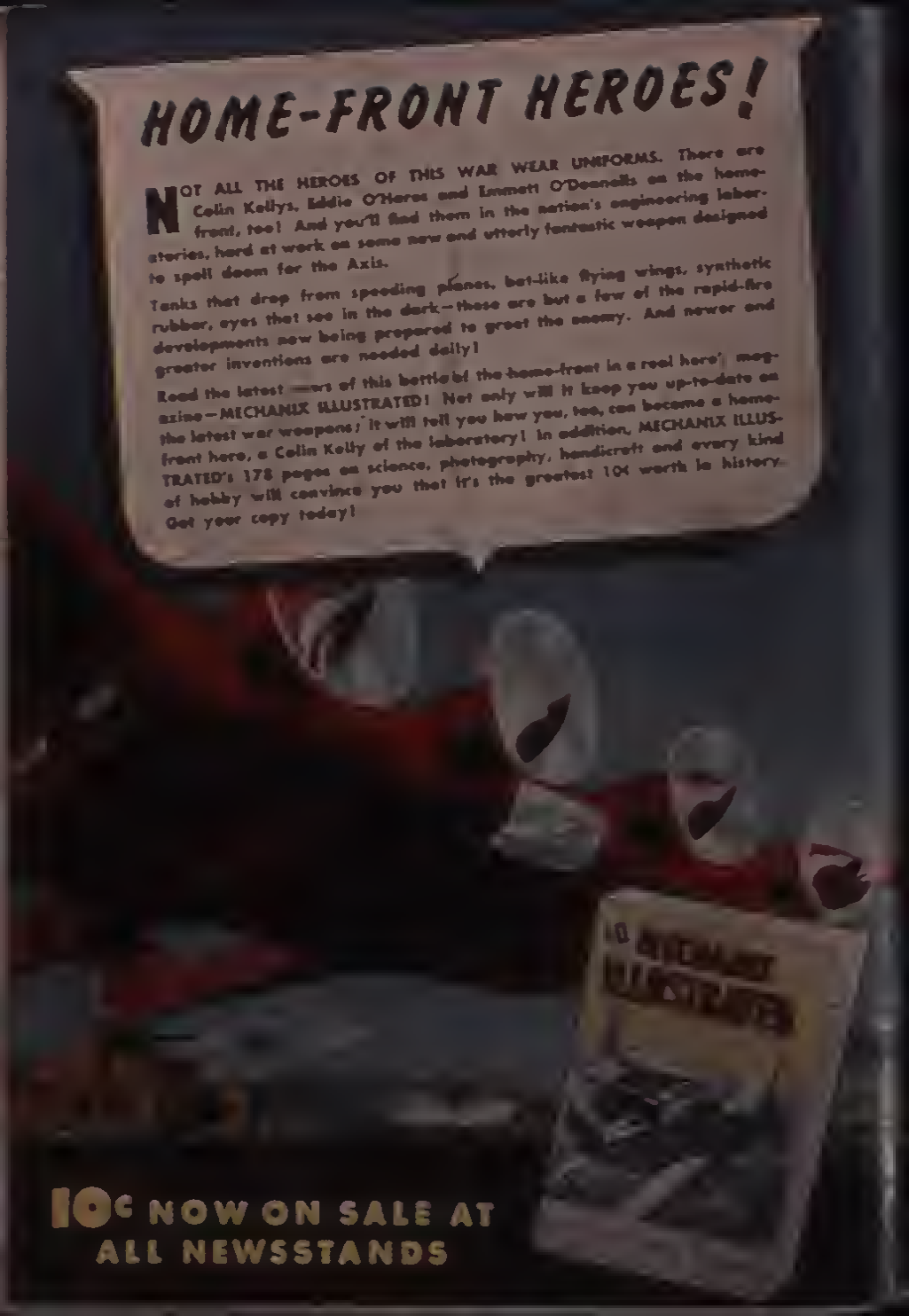
SEE IT! [illegible] DR. RIDDLE [illegible]

BULLETMAN No. 7

68 PAGES 10¢ • GO GET IT • JULY 15TH

HOME-FRONT HEROES!

NOT ALL THE HEROES OF THIS WAR WEAR UNIFORMS. There are Colin Kellys, Eddie O'Hares and Emmett O'Donnells on the home-front, too! And you'll find them in the nation's engineering laboratories, hard at work on some new and utterly fantastic weapon designed to spell doom for the Axis.

Tanks that drop from speeding planes, bat-like flying wings, synthetic rubber, eyes that see in the dark—these are but a few of the rapid-fire developments now being prepared to greet the enemy. And newer and greater inventions are needed daily!

Read the latest word of this battle of the home-front in a real hero' magazine—MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED! Not only will it keep you up-to-date on the latest war weapons; it will tell you how you, too, can become a home-front hero, a Colin Kelly of the laboratory! In addition, MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED's 178 pages on science, photography, handicraft and every kind of hobby will convince you that it's the greatest 10¢ worth in history. Get your copy today!